

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitrible stufte,
If damned custome haue not bras'd it so,
That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought sick at the act

Quee. Ay me, what act?

Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hyperions curles, the front of *Ioue* himselte,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where every God did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,

This

Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed care,
Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this, sence sure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
But it referu'd some quantity of choise
To serue in such a difference, what deuill wast
That thus hath cosund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope: ô shame where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuelly doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and greued spots
As will leaue there their tin'et.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck sweat of an infem'd bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweete Hamlet.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth

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